1489. d. 31.

THE

Unhappy Memorable *Old* SONG,

(AS IT IS CALLED)

OF THE HUNTING OF

CHEVY CHASE;

IMITATED

In a Spick and Span *New* BALLAD, accommodated to the PRESENT TIMES.

—Et erat *tum* dignus amari!

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The *Old* SONG of

CHEVY CHASE,

IMITATED.

GOD proſper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all:
A woful *Reſignation*, late
In England did befall!

To drive the French, by *Sea* and *Land*,
PITT's *Study* was each Hour:
The Child may bleſs, that is unborn,
His *Miniſterial* Power!

This *Patriot*-Stateſman did to God,
A *Vow* moſt ſolemn make;
To *labour*, while poſſeſs'd of *Truſt*,
But for his *Country's* Sake!

Her *Privileges* to defend,
At *Home* with Might and Main:
Abroad, her *Honour* and her *Trade*,
T' *extend* and to *maintain!*

All *Oppoſition* to his *Schemes*,
Four Years or more, gave way----
Theſe Things did vex Duke Choiſivel,
In Paris, where he lay!

Who, to his Maſter Louis cry'd,
" PITT's *Projects* we muſt ſpoil:"
Yet PITT continu'd, with *Succeſs*,
The *Care* of Britain's Iſle!

Her Fleets to either India ſteer'd,
With Admirals of *Might*;
Who knew full well, in time of Need,
To aim their Guns *aright!*

And Generals, for *Courage* fam'd,
Her Troops to Battle *led:*
In *Council*, and in *Parliament*,
All *went* but as PITT ſaid!

Then, *where* t'attack and *what* to take,
Was ſcarce allow'd a *Query*---
Witneſs Belleiſle's *Surrendry*, and
The *Siege* of Pondicherry!

Then, Louiſburgh and Canada,
Into *our* Hands did *fall*:
The Neutral-Iſles, with Guadaloupe,
Gorée and Senegal!

Now, at a *Criſis* ſuch as this,
When France *expiring* lay;
'Tis Time, ſaid *unambitious* PITT,
Fit Time---to end the Fray!

So, to his Sov'reign, did propoſe
Accommodation *hearty*;
By Plenipo's to Augſburgh ſent,
From all and ev'ry Party!

Good

Good GEORGE the Third, of human Blood
More *chary* than of Fame;
Conſents, his Secretary ſhould
To Louis hint the *ſame!*

Oh no! quoth Louis---Augſburgh is,
By many a League too *far*;
But France and England by themſelves,
Will *terminate* the War!

So *reaſon'd* Madam Pompadour,
A wily, wanton, Huſſy:
And ſtraightway *whiſper'd* Choiſivel,
To ſend o'er artful Buſſy!

" In ev'ry Corner of the Land,
Go, let our *Bounty* ſhine;
From Eaſt to Weſt and South--quite to
Newcaſtle upon Tyne!

And, if at Court and Council-Board,
Refractory you find 'em;
Empty your Box of *Spaniſh Snuff*,
Into their Eyes--and blind 'em!"

Swift, o'er the Seas, to Dover-Strand,
The *cunning* Buſſy flew;
Too well prepar'd, by Choiſivel's
Inſtructions, what *to do!*

For lo! the Privy-Council call'd,
(A ſerious, ſolemn Meeting;)
Sat, to *decide* of Peace and War,
What was, and was not, *fitting!*

Much

Much they *ſagaciouſly* held forth,
Anent the Point in Hand;
And, after many Hours Debate,
Th' Affair ſeem'd at a Stand!

" Shew me, ſaith PITT, ſith France plays looſe,
As I have made appear;
What hinders carrying on the War,
At leaſt *another* Year?"

" That can I, B---'s Duke reply'd,
Good Mr. Secretary;
'Tis not the *ſame* to you and us,
Whoſe Circumſtances *vary!*

No '*ſtate* have you in War to riſque ---
We Land-men pay the Shot--"
" Yea, but I've *that* to loſe, quoth PITT,
Some Dukes I know, have not!"

Theſe home-made *Thruſts*, urg'd pro and con,
Set all the Lords a *wheezing*;
And almoſt ev'ry Councellor
Fell into downright *ſneezing!*

" Oh! Oh! cries PITT, *I ſmell a Rat*;
Adieu, my *Maſters* all:
For why? My *Pow'r* is at an *End*---
This Buſſy works my *Fall!*"

Earl T-- next to PITT ally'd,
Had Courage to *advance*;
And boldly *laſh'd*, for Britain's Sake,
N----, Spain and France!

Him

Him too, alas! I ſoon muſt vail,
As one in doleful Dumps;
When PITT, *the Head*, was going off,
Put ſadly to his Trumps!

Sore wounded, how ſhould he *ſupport*,
The Cauſe of *Public Weal?*
So, wiſely he bethought himſelf,
To *drop* the Privy-Seal!

And, with Earl Temple, did reſign,
Jemmy *one cordial* Brother;
But Matt'r of *Wonderment* it was,
Why *ſtaid* in George the *Other?*

Theſe Tidings to the En'my came,
Within a little Space;
That PITT, the *Glory* of our Land,
Was fall'n into *Diſgrace!*

Oh *pleaſing News!* King Louis ſaid,
My Pomp--can Witneſs be;
There is not *one*, on Engliſh Ground,
I fear'd ſo much as *He!*

'Twas ſooner brought to *Britiſh* GEORGE,
By two *officious* Graces;
That PITT and TEMPLE were reſolv'd
Forthwith to *quit* their Places!

Then God be with them, ſaith our King;
But *be* that as it *may*--
I *truſt* I have within my Realm,
As *able* men as they!

Yet ſhall not French or Spaniards boaſt,
Our Politicks *out-run*;
The Meaſures *ſtedfaſt* I'll purſue,
By PITT ſo *well begun!*

This Vow he *faithfully* perform'd,
After, in Sixty-two;
When N---- *diſcarded* was,
With all his *ſervile* Crew!

And B----'s *Money-loving* Duke,
Promoter of this *Strife*;
Had no *Employ*, ſave *that*, to grant
Annuities for Life!

And of the reſt, of *leſs* Account,
Some Scores were turn'd *adrift*;
So may Corruption's Sons, at length,
Be all reduc'd to *ſhift!*

God ſave the King, and eke the Queen--
And ſend us a *good* Peace;
That henceforth Jars and foul Debate
At *Council-Board* may ceaſe.

FINIS.